

# THE CLIMAX

RICHMOND, MADISON COUNTY, KENTUCKY, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1887.

NUMBER 23.

VOLUME I.

## THE CLIMAX.

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OFFICE: Main street, over National Bank, Richmond, Ky.

june 22<sup>nd</sup>

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OFFICE: Second street, over Madison County Drug Store

june 22<sup>nd</sup>

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Office hours 2 to 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Boarded at Mr. J. C. Luckey's,

june 22<sup>nd</sup>

DR. MCOSH'S RESIGNATION.

New York Herald.

The resignation of Dr. Mcosh was

surprise to his friends or to the trustees of Princeton University. It has

been known for some time that he

had been desirous of retiring from active

work, owing to his age, although to an

outsider he did not seem to have lost

any of the force and energy that have

made him famous. Dr. Mcosh may

well be contented with the results of

his twenty years' work at Princeton.

DR. T. J. FAIR.

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Offers his professional services to the public.

Office at Joe Gentry's,

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Attorneys At Law.

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Special attention given to abstracting

titles to lands in Eastern Kentucky.

Office in CLIMAX building, S. E.

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tents,

E. T. BURNAM,

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RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.

OFFICE with C. F. & A. R. Burnam,

on First Street,

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J. A. SULLIVAN,

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Formerly occupied by County Court

Miller,

June 12<sup>th</sup>

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RICHMOND, KY.

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june 22<sup>th</sup>

C. S. POWELL,

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RICHMOND, KY.

Office on Second Street,

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A. J. REED,

Attorney at Law,

W. practices in Madison and adjoining

counties and in the Court of Appeals.

Office—Master Commissioner's

office, over Circuit Clerk's office.

June 22<sup>th</sup>

SEEDS.

GRASS AND FIELD

Largest and most complete stock in

Central Kentucky. Our motto: Best

Beds and Lovers' consistent Price.

P. CARROLL,

1 and 79 W. Main St., Lexington, Ky.

June 22<sup>th</sup>

REAL ESTATE

AND

INSURANCE.

J. SPEED SMITH, Agent,

RICHMOND, KY.

Sells, rents or exchanges all kinds of

Real Estate on reasonable terms, and

represents first-class Fire and Life Ins-

urance Companies.

Office in J. C. Lyter's Clothing Store.

June 22<sup>th</sup>

Do you want pure drugs and the best

brands of tobacco and cigar? You

can find them at J. T. Brooks

June 22<sup>th</sup>

Ask your physician to leave your

prescription at White's Drug Store.

It will be accurately compounded and

sent to your house.

now

OPINIONS OF OTHER EDITORS.

NEWSPAPER PUBLICATION

Congressional-Gazette.

American Journalism has had a re-

freshing self-purification and self-ex-

amination by the universal newspaper,

condemnation of the Minneapolis

Tribune for printing that Mrs. Cleve-

land married for the White House

position. Let a people driven to keep

this hoist from slipping back. But is

the fact that the morals and manners

of American newspapers forbid, as

the editor of the Tribune says in his ap-

ology, remark on any woman that is

"not complimentary?"

\* \* \*

NO DADISHISM WANTED

Sydney Carter.

It is to the credit of the people of

His State that Fred Grant's candidacy

failed utterly to awaken

the enthusiasm which the Republi-

cans anticipated. The people, in

the language of the Chicago hotel chel-

ler, Charles Francis, "Don't go very

heavy on Dadishism." The idea of

running a man on the strength of his

name, regardless of many merits

of his own, is non-American. It is

retributive of our genious of our in-

stitutions, according to the spirit of

the Declaration of Independence. It met

with an emphatic rebuke at the

hands of the people.

\* \* \*

THE STAR'S VICTORY.

Attny Press and Katerkebecker.

So far as the new-papers are concerned

the election of Colonel Fellows and

deafetd presidential candidate is

most crushing to the Star.

The Star, very justly,

is jubilant. It did great work for its

party during the campaign. It never

failed, but returned blow for blow

and defeated its candidate, Colonel

Fellows, who was defeated by

the Star.

Edward Hong, of Denver, Colo., who

was visiting his alliance at Townsend

has been mysteriously missing since

last Saturday, and his friends fear

that he has been murdered.

The Star, which has been

very successful in its

newspaper career, has

been most successful in its

newspaper career.

The Star, which has been

most successful in its

## THE CLIMAX.

FRENCH TIPTON, Wm. G WHITTE  
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1887.

The CLIMAX from now until January 1, 1888, for \$1.50.

Baker Pasha, the famous English-Egyptian soldier is dead.

Yellow fever has nearly disappeared from Tampa, Florida.

The Dutch steamer Scholten was sunk in the English Channel Sunday and 132 lives lost.

Herr Most, the most red-handed anarchist in New York, has been sent to jail for making incendiary speeches.

Four cars of the Chesapeake & Ohio and Southwestern road, loaded with cotton valued at \$630,000, and compressed valued at \$125,000 were burned at Memphis on Saturday.

Senator Vorhees says of the New York election: "It's glorious, glorious. The result of these elections means the continued ascendancy of the Democratic party for the next twenty-five and perhaps fifty years, and it means the re-nomination of Cleveland and his triumphant election. It also settles Blaine. He will not be a candidate next year, for he is shrewd enough to see that no Republican can be elected."

Stewart, the Wichita, Kansas, drug clerk, who was fined \$29,000, and sentenced to jail for seven years for violating the local option law, has been released on the payment of one hundred dollars and costs. We said at the time that the finding of the Court was ridiculous and would never be executed; that friends of Stewart on the jury have fixed the penalty purposely so severe that he would be pardoned, or that in a moment of blind zeal the friends of local option had imposed a penalty beyond the limit allowed by the offense. It now transpires that the Attorney-General agreed with Stewart that he should go free with the payment of a hundred dollars and a few days in jail, if he would allow the enormous verdict to go against him as a warning to other violators. A real \$500 fine with 60 days in jail would have been far more effective.

**BRECKINRIDGE MONUMENT.**

The handsome monument erected by the State of Kentucky to the memory of John C. Breckinridge, at a cost of \$10,000, was unveiled at Lexington on last Wednesday. Senator Blackburn delivered the address. The monument stands on Cheapside, and is seen mounted with a heroic statue that faithfully represents the distinguished Kentuckian.

**SUNDAY FIRES.**

Sunday was most destructive in the way of fires. Barnum's menagerie was burned, Loss, \$700,000; insurance, \$100,000. William Warfield's magnificent residence near Lexington, with several costly oil paintings and other contents destroyed, Loss, \$17,000. Elkhorn, Ky., lost three hotels and a bank, Loss, \$25,000. The entire town of Granby, Mo., was swept away. Galveston, Texas, lost \$50,000 in cotton. Tipton and Wayne counties had 20 square miles of wood on fire. Other and smaller fires too tedious to enumerate.

**THE BALDWIN-GREEN TEA MEDY.**

The disastrous meeting at Lexington, on last Wednesday, between Lewis D. Baldwin, of Nicholasville, and Thomas M. Green, of Mayaville, was not unexpected. Nevertheless the tragedy has created a more profound sensation than any occurrence of the kind that has befallen Kentucky since the killing of young Henry Clay in Louisville.

The trouble grew out of the August election in Madison county. There were two Democratic candidates for the Legislature—Hon. N. D. Miles, the former Auditor, and Hon. William T. Jones, formerly a resident of Madison county. The contest was decided in favor of a modus. Election day involved Baldwin in a difficulty, as he was a leading Jones supporter. The poll-books of two precincts were stolen, and intense feeling resulted. Indictments were found against several parties, including Baldwin, charging various things.

Thomas M. Green, staff correspondent of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, visited Nicholasville, and wrote up the affair much mixed matters, in which letter he was particularly severe on Baldwin. The letter was answered by Baldwin, and in no mild manner. This led other letters by Green and the two men, personally unknown to each other, became enemies.

Their first meeting was in Lexington, on last Wednesday, about 11 o'clock, and resulted in the almost instant death of Baldwin, and the dangerous wounding of Green. Baldwin acted unwisely, and is believed by his friends to have thrown his life away. It is difficult to learn precisely what transpired. The streets were filled with people who had assembled to be present at the ceremonies of unveiling the Breckinridge monument, and there is no end to the reports in circulation. But the fullest, and on which we consider the most accurate, is given by Sheriff Mosley, of Jessamine county, in a telegram to the Enquirer, and which we hereunder reproduce. The telegram says:

Sheriff George B. Mosley, who accompanied Baldwin to Lexington, and was with him when Mr. Green, received the news of the tragedy to him, said: "Colonel, if you see Green here to-day, don't have any difficulty, but just tell him, 'I am glad to see you again,' and Baldwin will be all right." As soon as they arrived at Lexington W. W. Baldwin, of Mayaville, saw Col. Lewis D. Baldwin, and said: "Lewis, Green is dead, and I want you to speak to him." I have been speaking to Green about it. Don't have any difficulty," to which Baldwin half smothered the words, "I am glad to see you again," and Baldwin said: "I am glad to see you again."

Gen. Lucius Fairchild, recently Commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, will give, in the November number of The American Magazine, an account of the origin, aims, and work of the Order. They left, probably for Philadelphia, and Gen. Green came up Main, and said, "I am companion

"There comes Green now." "Don't say anything to him," said Mosley. They met on the crossing, and Baldwin who accosted him.

"Your name is Green? My name is Baldwin, and, sir, you owe me an apology," said: "What for?"

"For the shameful way you wrote up our trial, and, sir, I demand an apology."

Baldwin said slowly, eyeing Baldwin: "I am going there (pointing to the door) to attend to business, and after that I am going there (pointing to the statue of Breckinridge), and I want no trouble."

Baldwin, growing greatly excited, said: "I demand an apology, or I will bring a difficulty to-day," putting at Baldwin.

Baldwin then said: "You are an unscrupulous scoundrel."

"Green—You may call me what you please, and express your opinion freely, but I want no difficulty with you here, and now."

Baldwin then repeated his epithets and became violent and abusive, and when Green, holding a revolver, and then drawing his pistol, with which he hit Green over the head, Green then stepped back a few steps, and then, as the revolver began, Mosley is not sure whether revolver was fired first, but he says that Baldwin had all advantages, but did not take them, having a revolver and Green having a pistol.

W. H. Polk, editor of the Lexington Drummer, was shot twice in the hand while trying to separate the combatants, and his account of the trouble agrees substantially with Sheriff Mosley.

Baldwin was shot three times—one in the shoulder and twice near the heart. He died within three minutes, and uttered only the words, "O, my God!" His body was taken into the Phoenix hotel.

Green walked into the hotel, sent for a surgeon, and then went to his room. He was shot in the abdomen, the ball ranging around to the bone where it was cut out.

Baldwin's funeral occurred at Nicholasville on Friday, and it is said that three thousand people were present. He was a wonderfully popular man, and numbers of friends from adjoining counties were present.

Lewis D. Baldwin was born in Clark county thirty-seven years ago, and removed to Nicholasville when about 21 years old. He was a merchant for a time, but subsequently was clerk of the Circuit Court for ten years. For three years he has been Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue, and in the prosecution of his business has made numerous trips to Richmond. He married a Miss Brannon, and leaves a wife and six children. One sister is the wife of Senator Bodine of Wheeling. His father was William Baldwin, a slave follower of John Morgan, who was killed in battle at Green River Bridge while walking arm in arm with Ex-Congressman Clark James Davis, of Richmond.

William Baldwin, father of deceased, came from Lexington to Richmond forty years ago in the employ of Pat Doyle, a grocer who did business in the little white store next to the Dr. Doyle house on First street. Several years later Doyle sent William Baldwin and his brother John Baldwin to the mouth of Clear Creek, on Muddy Creek at Oldford, a frontier church, and the Indian beauties of the Santa Barbara Valley, and the salubrious qualities of climate, springs, and fruits, are entertainingly set forth. The old Franciscan Mission, housety with a century's history and replete with curious associations, is one of the important features of the paper, and is fully illustrated, as are the other picturesque subjects.

### PROGRESS OF MANUFACTURING.

The following is a summary showing the progress of the manufacturing industries of the country, including incorporated companies, buildings, etc., as reported to the New York enterprise newspaper for the week ending November 5.

Buildings costing over \$5,000 each, \$2,686,225; bridges 13, \$142,000; churches, 54, \$95,000; electric light companies and new plants, 10, \$905,000; gas companies, 7, \$4,310,000; manufacturing companies, 101, \$154,000; mills, factories, etc., 14, \$58,000; mining companies, 15, \$2,197,000; railroads and extensions, 15, \$21,100,000; water works, 7, \$125,000.

### RAILROADS IN MADISON.

Statement of Assessments in Madison county and incorporated towns, for 1887, as returned to Auditor by Board of Railroad Commissioners, Kentucky Central Railroad Company, Madison, Madison county, 25,200 miles to date.

Other property, 2,150,..... \$ 41,950. Kentucky Central Railroad, Madison Branch, Madison county, 15,19 miles to date, \$8,100,000.

Other property, 1,150,..... \$ 122,670. Richmond, 46 miles to \$3,000, \$3,000. Other property, 900,..... \$ 4,508. Attest:—

FAYETTE HEWITT, Auditor. A Copy—Attest:—THOMAS THORPE, C. M. C. E.

### THIN COLUMN.

The engineer of the Thin Column has grown serious of late feeling sorry for thanksgiving turkeys, perhaps.

W. S. Adams, of the Fling creek country, says he has drawn off those that will work a hole from the natural gas well in Richmond to the Kentucky river by the first of January, if you will drop them into the well, and give them the right of way.

"What is an auroraborealis?" This is the question we asked a gray-haired citizen who resides near Richmond. Is this his answer?

A familiar household word—White's Drug Store. Knit hats \$3.75.

I have three dozen genuine Knit hats of the latest English styles, which I am selling at \$3.75 apiece. They sell everywhere for \$5. J. C. LYTER, St.

Dolls to close out stock at your own price at White's Drug Store. Knit hats \$3.75.

Do you know where White's Drug Store is?

Syrup of Figs

Is the delightful liquid laxative, and the only true remedy for habitual constipation and the many ill effects of a weak or inactive condition of the kidneys, liver and bowels. It is a pleasant remedy to take, both to old and young; It is gentle in its action and effect; It is acceptable to the stomach, and strengthens the organs which it acts. Manufactured only by the California Fig Syrup Company, San Francisco, Cal. Sold by Stockton & Willis. Govt Im.

J. L. Cogar purchased 500 pieces of

Leather at \$1.00 per pound, and

the same price for leather.

FOUND.—On Second st., near the Garret House, on last court day, the best place to buy drugs and books—White's Drug Store.

THE G. A. R. is essentially a great benevolent society; its chief business is

to help the needy, and it has kept closely to its work.

### EDENTON.

The Magazine of American History

For November is one of the brightest and most richly illustrated issues of the year. Oliver Cromwell's portrait appears as its frontispiece, incident to the romantic story of the first settlement of Shetler Island, in 1632. The paper is filling a multitude of trifling obscure points in early American history, and is delightfully diversified with incidents. Rev. Phillip Schell, D. D., contributes a second paper on the "Religion and State in America," a continuation of his lawyer-like discussion of government's attitude toward religion. A very pleasant written sketch is by Walstein Root, on the "Hamilton Onelida Academy in 1874," the gem of Hamilton College. The fourth article in this superb number is a study by Charles H. Peck of the public life and character of "Aaron Burr," in which he succeeds in substituting the acts and misfortunes of his extraordinary subject. The fifth follows from G. Brown Goode, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington, on "An Interesting Dialogue in 1874, Whiting," Judge J. Tarbell, of Washington, contributes "Horace Greeley's Reconstructionists in Mississippi"; and T. J. Chapman, A. M., writes an interesting article on the "Religious Movement in 1880." The shorter articles are varied and enterprising. The number concludes with its carefully edited department of Original Documents, Minor Topics, Notes, Queries, Replies, Society, etc., well filled with "Historic and Social Jottings." Illustrated, and a dozen or more able written book reviews. Price, \$5.00 a year.

Published at 743 Broadway, New York City.

Elizabeth Harris died Friday night of an ulcer.

Mr. John Sewell has gone to Boone county to visit friends.

Mr. J. M. Burton has moved to his nice little cottage recently built.

Hog killing has commenced as a means of saving corn.

J. N. Broadus has just received a new stock of fall and winter goods.

We are having a good Sunday-school and prayer-meeting at Salem church.

Brown Bros. of Rochester, New York, have delivered the nursery stock in good order.

Jack Whitaker died of pleurisy, at seven o'clock Saturday night at his home, aged seventy-five years.

Mrs. Eliza Reynolds has returned to her home in Nicholasville from a visit to friends and relatives in this vicinity.

Prof. James S. Agee, has returned home from Highbridge, where he has been teaching penmanship and will start to Woodford county, next Saturday.

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## HOLDING A HORSE.

**How the Average Small Boy Will Perform.** Pleasant Grove, one of Sion Falls' small boys, was left by his father to hold his horse, which was attached to a carriage in front of the Green family residence for a few minutes. If you have never watched a small boy hold a horse, you have missed a good deal.

Willie began by taking the strap in both hands, planting himself firmly in front of the animal and gazing into its face with a determined, defiant look. He was somewhat surprised that they however did not perfectly fit and evidently had no intention of making the violent plunges for freedom which he had expected. Just then another boy came along.

"Hello, Skinny!" said Willie.

"Hello, Bill," replied Skinny.

"I'm holdin' this horse."

"Think I can't see nothin'?"

"Yet he can't get away while I got hold of him either!"

"Does he bite?"

"Naw!"

"Kick?"

"Nope. Only once he did kick—kicked pa through the barn door. But I guess pa didn't know how to handle him. He never kicked it me."

"Course not. You orter see my dad handle a horse."

"Oh, crack! Bet your dad don't know half's much 'bout a horse as mine. This horse'd kick the hosses out o' you'r dad in less'n a second."

"Wouldn't either!"

"World, too!"

"Say, why don't you hold that hoss if yer tryin' to?"

"Ain't I? Bet he can't!" A baby could hold a hoss who he wain't doin' nothin'. Bet he dasn't tickle his for'ard legs with a straw."

"Bet it's st—"

"Coward!"

"There I done it."

Then Willie reached out and again carefully moved a straw up and down the horse's legs, looking up occasionally and noting with pleasure that the horse was beginning to move his cars and act uneasy.

"Whoa, you old fool!" commanded Skinny, "you'll find I ain't no boy."

"Take that!" said Willie, as he gave the strap another jerk to show that he was no boy either.

"Say, Bill, he's used ter yell his fore legs—try it on his hind ones."

"You!"

"Coward!"

"I ain't either—there!" and Willie got back the length of the strap, and in front of the forward carriage wheel, and began the ticking operation on the legs indicated. The horse swished his tail and started up.

"Whoo!" yelled both the boys, and Willie jerked on the strap and got his back against the wheel. The horse stopped but acted uneasy about it.

"That hoss'll get away from you; tell you what, Bill, the way to hold a hoss is to tie a strap 'round yer wrists so he can't get loose."

So the strap was securely tied around Willie's wrists. Then Skinny took the whip out of the carriage and stood on the sidewalk and began cracking it.

"Keep a stickin' his legs, Bill," said Skinny, "we'll get the old fool used to it."

The horse started up several times and came near dragging Willie with him, but gradually became accustomed to the boys and quieted down somewhat.

"Tell you what, Skinny, he's gettin' used to it."

"Course. Best thing in the world for a hoss. Say, juh know what's the matter?"

"None."

If the hold-back straps should break some time when he's goin' down hill an' the buggy run onto him he might get scart an' kill somebody."

"What you goin' to do?"

"We orter train him so he won't be scared when the straps do break."

"Lose it!"

"All right, you take this stick an' rattle it all 'round his hind legs an' the straps will stay where ever I'll stand with the whip an' he tries to run I'll hit him a couple o' cracks that'll make him glad to stop."

Skinny handed him a piece of board four or five feet long, and was picking up the whip again when he noticed a difficulty.

"Say, Bill, you can't handle that board right with one hand."

"Now—yon tie the strap to your hand."

"I know a better way'n that. It 'round your neck, then I can have both hands to swing the whip if he should start."

"Yes, that's business."

"Course—trainin' this hoss is goin' to save somebody's life."

The end of the strap was tied around Willie's neck with a knot that would slip easily. Then he got up close and began to pound the horse's legs with the board, and make a great noise with it on the thills of the carriage, and Skinny stood on the sidewalk and yelled "whoa!" The horse couldn't stand it any longer and started. The "couple o' cracks" that Skinny had given him were enough to make him run, and he fled.

Willie caught him to put in a few extra jumps. Willie was still holding on—by his neck, a good, safe way to hold a horse, but lonesome. Willie's father came out and yelled for somebody to stop the horse. His mother also appeared and screamed.

The horse went about half a block when a man who was driving an express wagon got off and stopped him. Willie was released, very black in the face. Skinny was disappearing around the corner at about the same rate the horse started off.

"What in the world were you trying to do?" said Willie's father.

"I—I—w-w-w-want's don'tin' but jes' boldin' him an' the old fool began to run away!"

"What did you have the strap tied around your neck for?"

"It—it go so heavy I go tired holdin' it an' it 'died round my neck to rest," said Willie.

**THE TORPEDO FISH.**

Some Interesting Experiments with This Amazing Electric Battery.

The electric apparatus of the torpedo fish is its deepest and the easiest to a good purpose. Its electric organs have been compared to the voltaic pile, and consist of two series of layers of hexagonal cells, the intervening spaces between the plates being filled with a trembling, jelly-like substance, so that each cell can be compared to a Leyden jar. Each torpedo carries about four hundred and eighty of these cells, and weighs about six pounds. After being shot, the fish comes to the surface to go no more, so it is said. It has the advantage of being able to swim about a mile a hour, and is said to be able to leap out of the water to a height of three miles. While passing a house the bear went into the hog-pen to rest, and the woman of the house came out with an axe and knife to kill the bear, but Mr. Vinson told her that it was dangerous to do so, as the bear could get away. After the bear had rested he started on again, only going about a half mile further, when Mr. Vinson was re-enforced with fire-arms, and shot and killed the bear.

shocks evidently being entirely at the will of the strange electrical.

The other day a boy, George, one of Sion Falls' small boys, was left by his father to hold his horse, which was attached to a carriage in front of the Green family residence for a few minutes. If you have never watched a small boy hold a horse, you have missed a good deal.

Willie began by taking the strap in both hands, planting himself firmly in front of the animal and gazing into its face with a determined, defiant look. He was somewhat surprised that they however did not perfectly fit and evidently had no intention of making the violent plunges for freedom which he had expected. Just then another boy came along.

"Hello, Skinny!" said Willie.

"Hello, Bill," replied Skinny.

"I'm holdin' this horse."

"Think I can't see nothin'?"

"Yet he can't get away while I got hold of him either!"

"Does he bite?"

"Naw!"

"Kick?"

"Nope. Only once he did kick—kicked pa through the barn door. But I guess pa didn't know how to handle him. He never kicked it me."

"Course not. You orter see my dad handle a horse."

"Oh, crack! Bet your dad don't know half's much 'bout a horse as mine. This horse'd kick the hosses out o' you'r dad in less'n a second."

"Wouldn't either!"

"World, too!"

"Say, why don't you hold that hoss if yer tryin' to?"

"Ain't I? Bet he can't!" A baby could hold a hoss who he wain't doin' nothin'. Bet he dasn't tickle his for'ard legs with a straw."

"Bet it's st—"

"Coward!"

"There I done it."

Then Willie reached out and again carefully moved a straw up and down the horse's legs, looking up occasionally and noting with pleasure that the horse was beginning to move his cars and act uneasy.

"Whoa, you old fool!" commanded Skinny, "you'll find I ain't no boy."

"Take that!" said Willie, as he gave the strap another jerk to show that he was no boy either.

"Say, Bill, he's used ter yell his fore legs—try it on his hind ones."

"You!"

"Coward!"

"I ain't either—there!" and Willie got back the length of the strap, and in front of the forward carriage wheel, and began the ticking operation on the legs indicated. The horse swished his tail and started up.

"Whoo!" yelled both the boys, and Willie jerked on the strap and got his back against the wheel. The horse stopped but acted uneasy about it.

"That hoss'll get away from you; tell you what, Bill, the way to hold a hoss is to tie a strap 'round yer wrists so he can't get loose."

So the strap was securely tied around Willie's wrists. Then Skinny took the whip out of the carriage and stood on the sidewalk and began cracking it.

"Keep a stickin' his legs, Bill," said Skinny, "we'll get the old fool used to it."

The horse started up several times and came near dragging Willie with him, but gradually became accustomed to the boys and quieted down somewhat.

"Tell you what, Skinny, he's gettin' used to it."

"Course. Best thing in the world for a hoss. Say, juh know what's the matter?"

"None."

If the hold-back straps should break some time when he's goin' down hill an' the buggy run onto him he might get scart an' kill somebody."

"What you goin' to do?"

"We orter train him so he won't be scared when the straps do break."

"Lose it!"

"All right, you take this stick an' rattle it all 'round his hind legs an' the straps will stay where ever I'll stand with the whip an' he tries to run I'll hit him a couple o' cracks that'll make him glad to stop."

Skinny handed him a piece of board four or five feet long, and was picking up the whip again when he noticed a difficulty.

"Say, Bill, you can't handle that board right with one hand."

"Now—yon tie the strap to your hand."

"I know a better way'n that. It 'round your neck, then I can have both hands to swing the whip if he should start."

"Yes, that's business."

"Course—trainin' this hoss is goin' to save somebody's life."

The end of the strap was tied around Willie's neck with a knot that would slip easily. Then he got up close and began to pound the horse's legs with the board, and make a great noise with it on the thills of the carriage, and Skinny stood on the sidewalk and yelled "whoa!" The horse couldn't stand it any longer and started. The "couple o' cracks" that Skinny had given him were enough to make him run, and he fled.

Willie caught him to put in a few extra jumps. Willie was still holding on—by his neck, a good, safe way to hold a horse, but lonesome. Willie's father came out and yelled for somebody to stop the horse. His mother also appeared and screamed.

The horse went about half a block when a man who was driving an express wagon got off and stopped him. Willie was released, very black in the face. Skinny was disappearing around the corner at about the same rate the horse started off.

"What in the world were you trying to do?" said Willie's father.

"I—I—w-w-w-want's don'tin' but jes' boldin' him an' the old fool began to run away!"

"What did you have the strap tied around your neck for?"

"It—it go so heavy I go tired holdin' it an' it 'died round my neck to rest," said Willie.

**THE TORPEDO FISH.**

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## FACTS FOR FARMERS.

—There are 154 breeds of cattle.

—The water for horses should be as pure as can be obtained.

—The bones of a well-preserved, high-fed leg are said to represent only one-twentieth of its gross weight.

—Even though it rains the ditches are not necessarily dry because the ground is hard.

—The impudent farmer is often one who firsts, crowds, and is terrible, crusty throughout the entire year, but a large fraction of his profits go to waste through misdirected energy.

—The "humble New Yorker."

—Wheat, oats, and barley are excellent feeders of the fishes.

—The best feeders are the fish.

—The best feeders are the fish.